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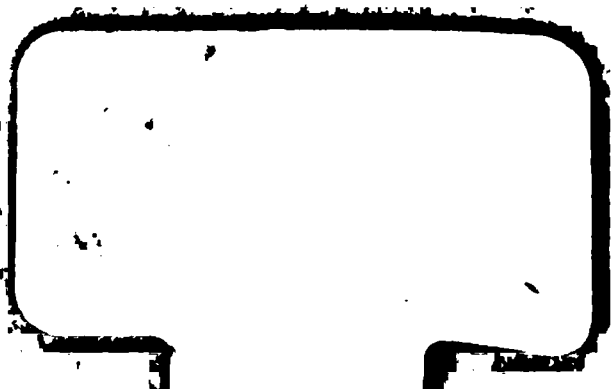
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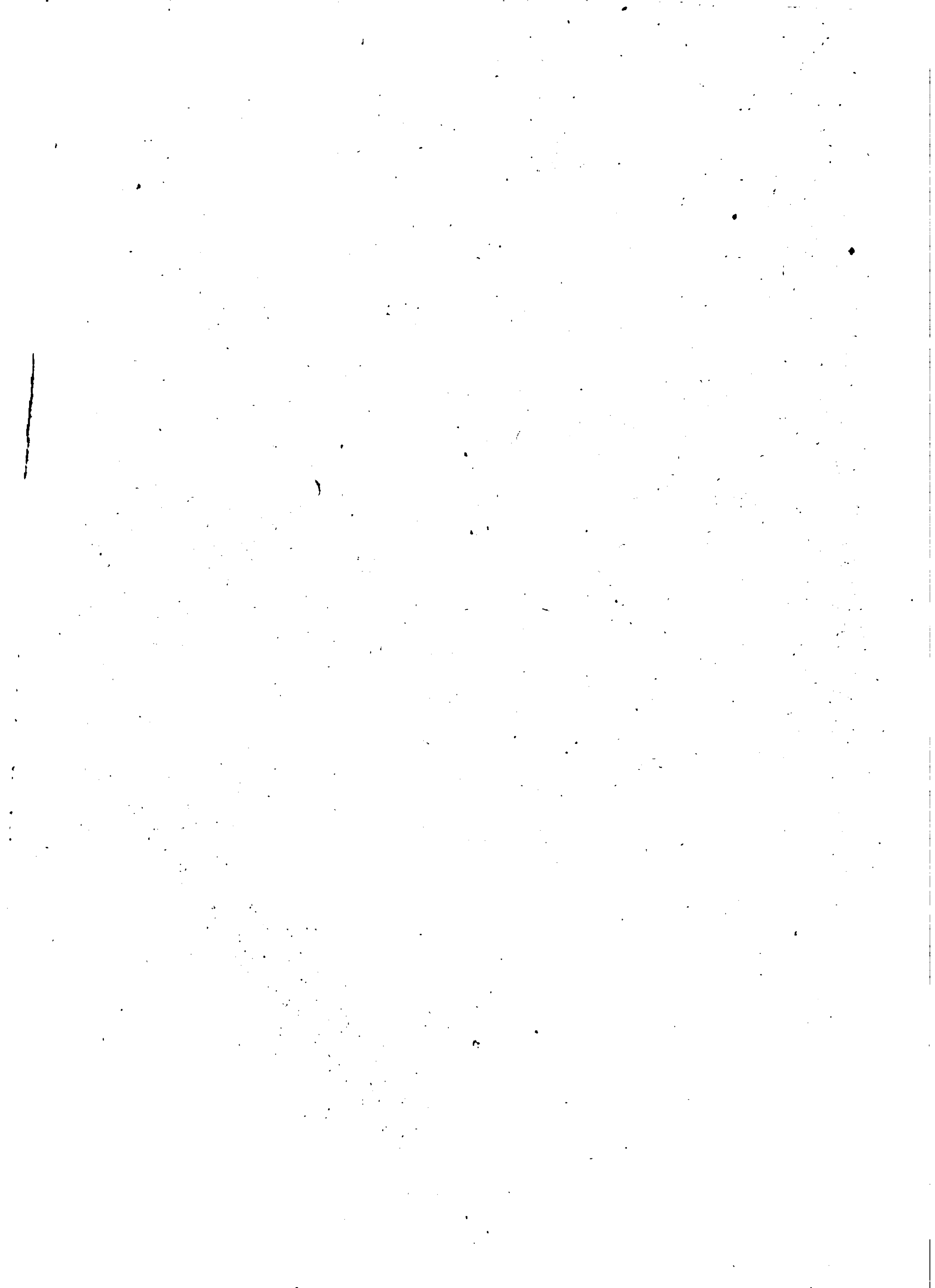
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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS





INDIA'S WOMEN

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

Church of England Zenana Missionary Society

VOLUME XIV

“The Morning cometh”

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More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.)

CHAPTER II.—DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

WE spent one morning in Agra in seeing Medical Mission and Zenana work. In one house there were eleven or twelve women gathered together. We noticed wreaths of mango-leaves in the low doorway and in the court below; and then directly we went up the steep stone steps, we saw more marigolds and mango-leaves, and a very fine Guy Fawkes cap. We were told that all the decorations were in honour of a boy of twelve having received, a day or two before our visit, the yellow cord that the Brahmins wear.

The women showed us their jewels and turned out their boxes that we might see their fine holiday *sarees*; the one they admired most was covered with red and green tinsel. We went away laden with sweets; the sun melted the *ghee*, or butter, from the sweetmeats, and we poured it off in streams in the streets. I was asked to question one woman; she answered nicely, and repeated texts, and said she believed in Jesus; but the missionary said she only said this because she thought it would please us, and that she was not a Christian at all. Our visit was a great pleasure to these poor creatures. They looked at us admiringly. Wishing to say something kind, they told the missionary that we were wonderfully pretty!

At another house there was a poor widow, who was very weak and thin and almost starved. She looked up at the medical missionary and said, "O, *Mem Sahib*, make me well, do make me well; for even when I am ill, I have all the work to do, and it is so hard; do give me something to cure me!" The tears ran down the poor woman's cheeks, and they



Miss Tucker,

C.B.Z.M.S. Missionary.



authorship, for success never spoilt her ; and she was ever ready to lay down her pen to entertain her nephews and nieces when they came to see her. Often they interrupted her, but none can remember her ever giving way to *one* exclamation of vexation or disappointment at being thus invaded in her *sanctum* ; and she would, with wonderful ease, turn her thoughts from her manuscript to amuse and profit them, clothing spiritual lessons and sound advice under the guise of parables, which she invented with enviable facility. She was never too much engrossed with her own pursuits to attend to, and sympathise with, any one who came to her for help and sympathy. Hers was indeed

“ A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise ”

with the wants of those around her ; and she daily found time to visit the poor, to whom she was a true and kind friend.

In 1857 she had a very great sorrow in the death of her brother, Robert Tucker, who was murdered in the Indian Mutiny, and she devoted herself to the care and bringing up of his children.

After the death of her mother in 1869 the old home in Portland Place had to be given up. A sad time of anxiety followed, nursing her elder sister, Fanny, who was dying of consumption. But in spite of so many untoward circumstances, she continued to write for the press with unabated vigour : every Christmas two or more new volumes appeared, which were welcomed by old and young, especially *Pride and its Prisoners*, *The Roby Family*, *Rambles of a Rat*, *Hebrew Heroes*, *The Shepherd King*, and many others, which bore alike the stamp of her lofty and pious mind. She always wrote with the desire to do good, and the sweet and holy lessons she thus taught will not easily be forgotten. Like the circles eddying round a stone dropped into a pond, so circles of influence were ever rising round her good words, and who can tell when the last will come, or when it will die away ?

It was not till the spring of 1875, that she thought of going to India as a missionary, and in the autumn of that year she went forth, at her own expense, at the age of fifty-four.

She went—never to return ; for her devotion to missionary work was such, that no inducements of relatives or friends at home sufficed to bring her back, even for a short visit, though she often needed change and rest. The utmost holiday she would allow herself was a short trip to the

Proposals for the establishment of an Undenominational Medical School for Eurasian and Christian women in North India were considered. The desirability of such a school was fully recognised, but there were practical difficulties in the way of the Society contributing to its establishment, and taking part in working it according to the scheme suggested.

A grant of Rs. 20 per mensem was made towards a hostel for Christian girls at Ootacamund, under Miss Ling.

A letter was read from the Rev. R. W. Stewart concerning buildings required for ladies in the Hing-Hwa and Lo-Nguong districts, and bearing high testimony to the spirit of zeal and concord among the workers.

DEATH OF MISS WALLINGER OF COONOR.

JUST as we are going to press, the tidings have reached us of the home-call of another loved and honoured labourer in the foreign field. A telegram received by her relatives tells us that Miss Amelia Wallinger, our honorary missionary at Coonor, died, after a short illness, on Saturday, March 3rd. She returned to India, after a few months spent in England, at the beginning of October last, in the hope of remaining at her chosen post of work for Christ in the Nilgiri Hills, for the full period of five years. The Master had been preparing her for the service of the inner sanctuary. She has passed into the presence of Him Whom her soul loved. We hope to be able to give some particulars of her life and work in an "In Memoriam" sketch in our next Number.

DEATH OF MISS CLARA HELEN WARD.

SORROWFUL tidings reach us from South India. Miss C. H. Ward, the last missionary sent to India by our Australian Auxiliary, died of cholera on February 1st.

Miss Ward went to India from Melbourne in November, 1892, and was stationed at Ellore, a town which has owed the chief number of workers of the C.E.Z.M.S. to Australia. From time to time bright letters that she has written have come to hand at this office, after travelling round by Australia. One extract, which we give here, as a message from a voice, now silent, has been waiting for insertion:—

I left Kooshtea, we had just had our little service together, and I was waiting for breakfast, when a man came in hurriedly, telling me that a child was lying on the road near our bungalow, evidently left to die. We at once went to the spot, and found a girl of about eight years of age, in a filthy state, and apparently starving as well as ill, lying all alone on the roadside. Some men working in the fields near said they had seen a man with a baby in his arms come along the road with this child, and he had gone on and left her there.

We fed and then washed her, and, wrapping her in a blanket, carried her to the dispensary of the town, and the doctor there kindly promised to attend to her till my return from Bollobhpur. As I was leaving the next morning, I wrote to the Inspector of Police and asked him to make inquiries, but nothing has been discovered, and the magistrate has given an order that the child shall be handed over to us. She is now recovering, and we cannot but feel that it was ordered by God that she should be left so near our house, as otherwise she probably would have died.

Intelligence of Miss Brown's dangerous illness, and subsequent progress towards recovery, has anticipated Miss Dawe's letter, written in the midst of anxiety. A more recent letter from Miss Dawe gives a happy sequel to the story, in which she touches lightly on the trial of being alone, as far as Europeans were concerned, in the midst of the sick and dying. On January 4th, she writes of a glad Christmas time when the scourge of cholera had abated :—

The Christmas Day service at Bollobhpur was well attended, every seat being filled; the collection was

Thanks for the Past and Hopes for the Future.

Next year I hope to be able to tell of more villages reached in the rains (when our roads get impassable) by means of a boat, which the kindness of friends will enable me to purchase. The boxes with sale work and prizes have reached us, and great has been our thankfulness in opening them to see how constantly our friends think of and work for us. Truly our boxes were not disappointing! Christmas time is looked forward to eagerly by all the children, and others, too, while the sum realised by the sale of work is a most welcome and needed addition to our funds. We hope to write to all the friends who have been working so kindly for us. I should like to say, too, how greatly cheered and helped we have been by receiving letters assuring us of prayer and sympathy. For these and for papers and magazines so thoughtfully sent, and so welcome in our out-of-the-way corner of the field, I would most heartily thank all our friends, and assure them that such tokens of loving remembrance are a real help to us.

Bollobhpur, Dec., 1893.

larger than ever before, though the people are not at all well off.

Many of them gave large thank-

offerings for life spared in the cholera outbreak. . . .

With anxiety and sorrow, we have much to make us glad.

On January 22nd, Miss Dawe writes :—

In Camp, Nuddea.

Will you kindly put a note in INDIA'S WOMEN that the child mentioned in my report as having been picked up on the roadside at Kooshtea,

has since died? We hoped she might have recovered, and been brought up as a Christian, but God has willed it otherwise, and taken the poor little forsaken girl to Himself.

Amongst Sick and Needy.

BY MISS OWLES.

I sympathise fully with those of our sisters who are inclined to do a "big grumble" when reminded that it is time to write the Annual Report; yet I do feel the great responsibility of the task imposed upon us.

How many of the Lord's people in England, having sent us forth in faith, are waiting beyond the ocean to hear our report of the land, what it is—"whether it be good or bad—the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many, and what cities they be that they dwell in"?

God grant that with Caleb and Joshua of old, we may give a faithful report in the ears of His people. Having had but one year's experience of the country and its people, I will leave it to those more capable of judging to expatiate on what are indeed the chief obstacles in the way of possession, and which of the numerous strongholds of the Enemy are the most inaccessible. I can speak as to the reality of "walled cities," and giants and opposing forces, but I cannot attempt to describe the

difficulties of the warfare, being still in the ranks with those whose armour has yet to be proved. But of this I am certain, that the battle is the Lord's, and that no obstacle is so great, no stronghold so fast, but that the weakest soldier in our ranks may overcome it in the Name of Him Who says: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

First Days.

A year has passed since my arrival in Bengal, the first three months of which were spent in Krishnagur in the (to me) uninteresting occupation of disentangling impossible letters, and of acquiring the rudiments of the Bengali language. The monotony was relieved by a visit to the Krishnagur dispensary, where, by the kind and efficient help of Miss Phailbus, I was able to gain much useful experience for future need. In March, Miss Dawe and Miss Brown returned from the winter's itineration, and warmly welcomed me to this field of my hopes and prayers—Bollobhpur.

Those accustomed to live in cities,

or at least in a Government station, will tell you this small village of ours is but a jungle, that it is lonely, uncivilised, inaccessible, and a resort for leopards ! Literally it may be so ; but to us who, for a time, have adopted it as "home," it is seen under a different aspect. We describe it as a lovely spot of nature, with sloping fields and green trees rising from the banks of its winding river. We take a lawful pride in the small native church, that has won the title of Cathedral of the District ; we thank God for the faithful Bengali pastor, for our whole-hearted Bible-women ; and we have learnt to love the simple villagers who worship with us in God's House of Prayer !

Does it surprise you that *three* workers should be stationed in this small, out-of-the-way place ? Let me explain, then, that Bollobhpur is but a centre or home, that the work of the Nuddea district extends over an area more than half as large as Wales and more thickly populated, that there is a very inadequate supply of workers, as any one must admit, and that we look forward in faith and hope to a large increase in our band !

There are needs at home—I know it ! But why must the proportion between home and foreign workers be so unequal ? Why should numbers of Christian people be working together in one place, sometimes even treading upon one another's ground, whilst one other of Christ's members is toiling on absolutely alone against tremendous odds, as Miss Dawe has done these three years past ? Why, indeed ?

A Preaching Band.

Refrain from questioning me as to how far I am able to preach and teach ! I have been studying and reading with a pundit, as is usual in the first year, only unfortunately I belong to the class of people who are slow of speech. Very early in the year I was escorted out with the voluntary band of women preachers to a heathen village near, and I smile still to remember the care they took of me.

It is evidently an understood thing among the women, that a person who cannot speak their language is in all respects incapable. One leading the way, the rest following me in single file, we wend our way through the jungle and arrive at a Mussulman house. We are welcomed, mats are spread for the women, a stool placed for the Miss *Sahib*, and an audience quickly gathers round us in the courtyard. An opening hymn and our Bible-woman, Shukto, launches forth, and is lost in the oft-repeated story of Redeeming grace. Understanding little, but in full sympathy with her message, I am praying for the poor, dark souls before us — when my thoughts are suddenly diverted. A small, dark head is bowed to the ground at my feet, black eyes are peeping under my *solar topi* into my face, and I become aware that to the crowd before me, a white face and English dress are exciting more interest than is agreeable to the object of it. At the same time a mutual feeling of inquiry causes me to look around me.

“**W**ORKERS are urgently required.” This is the burden of letters from our various mission-fields. A complete list of vacancies which must be filled in the autumn has not yet been made; we hear, however, that at the very lowest estimate, thirteen missionaries are required for Bengal alone. One or two *must* be sent to Baranagore and the Nuddea District; Bhagulpur, in the province of Behar, *must* have one, Mirat *must* have another. As for the Punjab, Amritsar, Jandiala, and Batala cannot be left without reinforcements. The claims of South India, especially those of Masulipatam, ought not to be set aside. As we look positive obligations in the face, they appear almost overwhelming. Added to this, we must at least listen to the reasonable requests to take up new and promising stations. That this is a day of opportunity is patent in the letters from Burdwan, Bhagulpur, and Amritsar in this Number. The day when missionaries had to seek for pupils has been succeeded by a time of hunger for teachers. Whilst we linger to enter them, the doors now open may be closed against the Light. There is serious risk of missionaries breaking down under the double load they are attempting to lift, whilst the weight of what is left undone is heavier than the work they try to do. Need we say that the difficulty of raising forces to relieve the strain abroad is a heavy burden on Secretaries at home? How can the slumbering Church be awakened to the awful truth that millions of women, at this moment accessible to teaching, are dying—body and soul—for lack of knowledge?

us of the numerous friends, both in this country and in England, who have so generously kept our cash-box supplied with the necessary number of rupees, and who have gladdened and stimulated the hearts and minds of our scholars by their bright gifts.

We thank the supporters of the Majitha and Werka schools; we thank the donors to the Rest-house; we thank every one who has given donations to the general fund; we

thank all who have made saleable articles of work, and those who have helped us in selling them; we thank all who have aided the cause by needle, or pen, or pencil;—but first and most of all, do we thank Him in whose Name we are linked together in the common interest of sending out the Gospel of life and liberty to the fetter-bound inmates of these Indian homes.

Amritsar, Jan. 5th, 1894.

Industrial Work.

BY MISS JACKSON.

During the past year the work of the Hindu Widows' Industrial Class has been extended in two new directions, and the number of members considerably increased. In the Report for 1892 we recorded sixty members, now we have *eighty-four*. In spite of this advance, the number of applications for admission continues as great as ever. Truly these poor, downtrodden, suffering women are legion in Amritsar alone, and any little help we can give them seems but as a *drop* of comfort in the *ocean* of their sorrow and need. We often found that those whose claims were most urgent were either too old, or too blind, or too stupid to do *kasida* work; it therefore occurred to us that they might spin cotton to be utilised for other branches of the class.

All Punjabi women know how to spin, and this proposition was therefore received with very great satisfaction, so much so, that their thankfulness broke forth in a song of their own

composition, which, when translated, ran something as follows:—

Famine Song.

“It was a time of famine, and our lot was sad and drear,
We starved and sighed and suffered,
but alas! no help seemed near;
We saw our daughters' faces growing thinner every day,
And our *rotis* (bread) getting smaller,
yet we knew not how to pray.”

Then came the English:—

“Well done, Miss *Sahibs*!
They brought us joyful tidings, for they said ‘Here’s work to do,
’Twill help to earn the daily bread for children and for you.
You shall make gay *phūlkūris*, and wind and twist the thread,
That others spin on busy wheel. ’Tis thus you shall be fed.’

Well done, English!
Bravo, Miss *Sahibs*!” &c., &c.

We have about twenty spinners, of whom two are perfectly blind, one a toothless old creature, bent nearly double; one very much “touched” in her head, but quite harmless, and others in various states of mental and

Our Missionaries and Deputations at Home.

AT Folkestone a drawing-room meeting, held at No. 1, The Lees, by invitation of Mrs. Chancellor, on March 7th, was very successful—the attendance larger than ever before, and the address by Miss Oxley thoroughly appreciated. The chairman, Colonel Cranmer Roberts, urged the pressing need of funds, and the Rev. C. Bosanquet, Vicar of Christ Church, in a few earnest words enforced the duty of *regular* and *systematic* prayer for Mission work. After the meeting, four new annual subscribers gave in their names.

Miss Oxley also gave addresses at Canterbury, and at Bridge, where over 20*l.* was realised by the sale of work. At the Grange, Westerham, Mrs. Tonge met with a warm reception from friends invited by the Rev. T. W. Knipe on April 11th. Her address resulted in a collection of 7*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*

Great interest and good collections marked the meetings at Chichester, Eastbourne, Brighton, and Ore, visited by Miss White. The Rev. G. Ensor took part at Brighton, preaching in St. Margaret's Church. Mrs. Ball gave her help at St. John's, Lewes, on April 9th, and at St. Leonard's Assembly Rooms on the 12th; both meetings were well attended and hearty, 8*l.* 13*s.* being collected at the one, and 10*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* at the other, besides a large outlay on books.

In Dorset and Devon, Miss Goodwin has been at work. At the little village of Willand, it was resolved to start a cottage working party, a farmer's wife offering the use of a room; and at Loddiswell, Canon Houghton showed kind sympathy by walking five miles in order to take the chair. At Poole, the room was filled with a responsive audience; and at Fleet, in Hants, the attendance was good both afternoon and

The Punjab Village Missions.

AJNALA AND KHUTRÁIN.

By Miss CLAY.

last year, begun at Ajnala, ended for Miss Toussaint and myself at Khutráin. In my last Annual Letter I mentioned having purchased land here the previous year, with view of making out-station and rest-house. Hitherto ourhood had only

been visited in annual itinerations, which two or three times had been brought to a sudden conclusion by heavy rains. Besides the great assistance that additional houses are in getting about the district in a climate in which prolonged tent itineration seems increasingly difficult, they are a valuable means of making friends with the people. This I have found at Saurian, and more recently at Thoba and Ghoga, and above all here. When we move about with tents we are as passing visitors, but when we have a home amongst the people they regard us as neighbours. It matters not how small it is, they feel the more free to walk in and out, and thus we are brought nearer together.

The Khutráin house has grown beyond my first intention. As time

went on I was led to the conclusion that it would be better so to build that it might at any time become a separate station, and such it already is. The house, begun early in March, was still unroofed when the monsoon burst, and Miss Toussaint and I took up our abode in it in October, when only one room could boast of doors.

Khutráin is a large and important village, centrally situated in the eastern portion of the Ajnala *tehsil*. From it and the rest-house at Thoba, about eight miles or rather more across country to the north, over a hundred villages are within a day's expedition, and with the help of a canal bungalow, to the south, from twenty to thirty more can be visited, so that there is abundant work for two ladies. The people are, if possible, even more friendly than in previous places, probably from increasing knowledge of us.

Nearly every afternoon a number of women and girls pay us a visit, often quite a large party, and sometimes two or three sets. They walk in at any door that may happen to be open without any fear or hesitation, for they know they will have a welcome. They find it a great treat and excitement to see all over the little house, but they are generally very ready to sit down and be taught or sung to. There are nearly always some requiring medicine; in every village which we

and in her right senses. The people told me, too, that she had had no more fits. I told them this was all in answer to prayer.

In some houses they utterly refuse to listen or have anything to do with me. One woman was always on the point of going to sleep when I called, and it was quite absurd to see her attempts at feigned sleep! At last, after trying to persuade her to leave off her lazy habits, and give a little time to learning with me, she grew very angry, and told me not to come to her house any more.

In conclusion I must tell of the goodness and mercy of our loving Father in thus sparing us to work a little longer for Him, and preserving us so wonderfully from cholera here. My fellow-worker, Miss Clara Helen Ward, was called to her rest on February 1st, 1894, from cholera, in the town of Kummamett.

Miss Ward finished her first Telugu examination in the latter end of the month of Dec., 1893. Hard study, combined with a not over-robust constitution, had obliged her to seek rest and change in Bezwada and Masulipatam; and the evening of January 31st, 1894, found her once again in our midst, looking stronger and brighter, filled with an earnest hope to go on with the work she so dearly loved. But even then the grey messenger of death was on his way, bearing the summons "Home," and soon her loving Saviour would say to her, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I was at the station to meet Miss

Ward on her arrival that Saturday evening from Bezwada, little thinking the next day would bring with it the experience of such deep and unutterable sorrow. Towards the early hours of the morning she was taken with cholera, and although we did all for her that was possible, shortly before three o'clock in the afternoon she passed away. She bore her sufferings and extreme pain with true Christian fortitude, and constantly put her hands up in prayer. Towards the end she cried, "Oh, Lord, come quickly." Eight Christian men bore her to the grave, and the funeral service was a most solemn and impressive one in Telugu, by the Rev. J. Stone. I am sure it was all done just as she would have wished herself. No one has taken her place here yet, and I am living with the Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Panes of the C.M.S. Mission for the present; but we trust God may send some one soon to fill the gap.

It is not an unhealthy station, as Mrs. Panes and other ladies can testify, and with care any lady of ordinary strength of constitution may, under God's blessing, live and do much work for Him here. Miss Ward was in a very delicate state of health when she arrived from Australia, and contracted cholera on her journey back from Masulipatam as she passed through Bezwada, where it was very prevalent at the time of her death.

We long for the time when a fully-equipped Zenana Missionary staff of workers may be systematically working in this large native town in the Nizam's Dominions.

Masulipatāṁ.

Miss Bassee in a Mohāmmedan Zenāna. See p. 448.

Interest was revived in a North-West London school by a visit from Miss Woolmer on July 11th. The girls decided to dress dolls for Miss Wauton, and asked for another address to be given them during the spring term.

* * *

A Sale of Work done by the Vicarage Working Party was held in the Vicarage grounds at Ebrington on Friday, July 27th. During the afternoon an address was given on the work of the Zenana missionaries by Mr. Bale, the Rev. Dr. Morgan, Vicar, presiding. The weather was lovely and the attendance large. The farmers contributed to the refreshment stall. This is the first sale for the C.E.Z.M.S. ever held in this parish, and great interest had been aroused amongst the villagers. The proceeds were 14*l.* 10*s.*

* * *

Richard's Castle, Shropshire, has been the scene of healthful activity. On June 28th, Miss S. Oxley gave an address, the Rector, the Rev. T. G. Watton, taking the chair. The Rectory garden was open for a sale of work, and also of "rummage," which generally proves both commercially profitable and amusing.

* * *

We understand that the preparation of a Biography of A.L.O.E. (Miss C. M. Tucker), the well-known authoress and missionary, has been entrusted to Miss Agnes Giberne, and the family invite assistance from any who knew her and can contribute reminiscences, especially of her earlier life, or can tell of influence exerted by her writings. The greatest care will be taken of all letters, &c., which should be sent to the Rev. W. F. Tucker Hamilton, Vicar of Christ Church, Woking.

* * *

The *G.F.S. Associates' Journal* for August printed a letter headed, "Our Own Missionary," with a suggestion that English branches should take a leaf out of the Irish book, and support their own missionary, and that this missionary should be one of the C.E.Z.M.S. ladies. The writer calculated that if 105 branches would undertake to raise 1*l.* 5*s.* each—six members in each branch collecting one hundred halfpence in the year—the amount necessary would be raised, and "Our Own G.F.S. Missionary" supported. Who will push on this scheme? Further information can be obtained from Miss Clark, Wingfield, Trowbridge.

Service for outgoing missionaries and their friends was held in All Souls' Church, Regent Street, on the morning of the 10th at 11.30, when 130 were present. Canon Acheson addressed some helpful words to the missionaries on Psa. cxxxviii. 8, giving them this verse as a prayer for their pupils, and to the workers generally on St. John xv. 9, reminding them of their "wellspring of strength and encouragement."

The Valedictory Meeting took place in Queen's Hall, Regent Street. The Rev. E. B. Hartley presided at the organ. After a short voluntary, "How lovely are the messengers," the singing of hymns began at two o'clock, and continued whilst the audience assembled, until Sir Charles U. Aitchison took the Chair at 2.30. Amongst the friends of the Society who were present, in addition to C.E.Z.M.S. Secretaries, we recognised the Venerable Archdeacon Richardson, the Revs. Canon Acheson, A. Eliwn, P. Ireland Jones, G. S. Karney, G. R. Thornton; G. Arbuthnot, E. Hooper, E. Stock, Esqs.; Dr. Weaver. The ready and efficient help of gentlemen who acted as stewards, and of ladies who formed or organised the choir, and certainly not least, of our kind organist, whose valuable time was given beforehand to choir practices, contributed to the quiet and sacred tone which pervaded the meeting. This labour of love cannot lose the reward which they will most value—the acceptance of their Master. A letter was read from the Rev. F. E. Wigram expressing his regret that urgent duty at the C.M.S. House prevented him from being present.

The meeting was opened by the Rev. G. R. Thornton, who read passages telling of the commission of the risen Saviour, from St. Matt. xxviii. and 1 Cor. xv., and offered prayer.

The Chairman said :—

This is now the sixth Valedictory Meeting of our Society at which I have presided. These annual gatherings of ours are milestones on the road of life, reminding us how far the journey has gone, how the day is far spent for the youngest and most vigorous of us, and exhorting us to work while it is yet day.

Year after year, we hear the same cry of the perishing for help. Year

after year, we have the same tale of open doors which, for want of agents or of funds, we are unable to enter, of opportunities presented of which we cannot avail ourselves, of cries for help to which we are forced with aching hearts to turn a deaf ear.

We are sending out this year a goodly band of devoted women, both old workers and new. But there is work for double the number if we had

Wants.

Wanted.—Foreign stamps, both rare and common. Hong Kong and Australian ones specially in demand; Russian, Swedish, and Spanish will be also gratefully received by Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., to be sold for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Notices.

TO BE SOLD—PROCEEDS TO BE GIVEN TO THE C.E.Z.M.S.

Willcox and Gibbs Automatic Treadle Sewing Machine, with Fittings, cost 11/. 11s.; little and carefully used. Also Warren and Clough American Organ, cost 14/. 14s.; not much used. Offers to be sent to I. W., C.E.Z.M.S. Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.

The Dépôt for the work done by the Indian widows is now at Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury. Miss Sandys is constantly receiving parcels of the work from Amritsar and Peshawar, and will be glad to send samples of it to friends.

Miss MacGregor, Hon. Sec. of I.W.U., 30, Clanricarde Gardens, Bayswater, will give information or forward kind gifts of *kurtas*, spectacles, &c., to India for widows connected with our industrial classes.

FOR SALE.

AT THE MANOR HOUSE, HIGHBURY, N.

A solid Mahogany Cabinet with two glass shelves, glass sides and door, plush floor and back; standing about 3 ft. high by 1½ ft. by 1 ft. Price 3/. 3s.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

A Meeting for Praise and Prayer will be held (D.V.) at 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, December 11th, at 3.30. The Meeting usually held at the Manor House, on the fourth Tuesday in each month, will not take place in December.

